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A WAR INCIDENT.

Much comment has been made on the bravery of an English marine who caught up a shell from the deck of a bombarding vessel at Alexandria and dipped the fuse into a pail of water, thereby preventing its explosion and its accompanying disaster, for which he is to receive special decorations from the hands of the Queen. Since there has been many comparative cases of similar bravery mentioned among our own Yankee soldiers during the late war. There are few persons whose fortune it has been to be under fire but have observed much of the same kind of coolness; indeed, it was so common, that only the cases coming under the notice of newspaper writers or officers high in command were ever noticed in print or official reports.

My thought in writing this was to tell a story of a different character, but one in which the courage of a young lad was not less marked under harder surroundings.

On the second day of Antietam I was ordered by Dr. Samuel Rollins, P. R. V. H., to find a place where there was water and shelter sufficient to accommodate a field hospital. A place having all the requisites, close to our line of battle, was found upon the farm of Mr. John Showman, and his barns, sheds, houses and yards were quickly filled with rows of wounded men.

Though out of range of the enemy's guns, it was a place to try the courage of those in attendance. Every move of the surgeon was watched by scores of men, and upon arising from a patient from whom as many lips would come the much-used salutation, "For God's sake, doctor, attend to me now."

One little fellow, about seventeen years old, was particularly urgent in his calls. Upon going to him, I found that he had been struck in the right side of the abdomen by a grape-shot, making two wounds—one of entrance and another of exit—through both of which a large knuckle of bowel was protruding. The case looked so hopeless that I passed him by with a promise that I would call again, and went to work on cases where there was more promise of doing some good. But every time I arose from a patient his pleading eyes would meet me, and his pathetic appeal could no longer be resisted; so hunting up Dr. Rollins and enlisting his ready sympathy and able hand, we placed him under the influence of chloroform, and made a faithful attempt to replace the protruding and inflamed bowel, but found the injury so great that the case was beyond the help of the surgeon. We left him to the care of a comrade. Upon his return to consciousness he asked the result. His friend declined to give him the information, but summoned me. I sat down upon the ground beside him and told him of the sad results of our efforts, and assured him that the end was surely and speedily coming.

"Then," said he, "there is no hope. I must die." Upon being assured that such was the case, he asked for his knapsack, took from it some keepsakes, and asked that they be sent to No. 119 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, the home of his mother. He requested that I would write his mother, telling her of his death, and where his body might be found; that I would say to his mother and sister that he had died with a heart tender with their precious memories, and that he died without fear or regret, giving his life for his country, which they had taught him to love so well. His name was Bryant—Wm. H., I think. I have forgotten the company and regiment. After making his arrangements, in lay with the greatest patience and cheerfulness awaiting the final discharge, which came in a few hours. Not a murmur or complaint, but resignation until the last. This is one of the tenderest of many sad recollections of army days, and in my opinion showed a courage of a higher character than the wounding of a fuse or the hasty putting of a shell out of the way of doing personal damage.

—Dr. George L. Rice, in Chicago Inter-
Ocean.

4 SCANDAL THAT DREW.

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THE MYSTERY OF MEMORY.

Coleridge dared to maintain that we do not really forget; that thoughts and events only seem to be lost from recollection; and that if the intellect were quickened a little the whole past existence would be brought to view again. In illustration, he gives at length the story of the ignorant servant-girl who repeated whole psalms in the original Hebrew when deranged, of which she could not recall a word in her sane moments. She seems to have learned them from an eccentric minister's repeating them aloud as he paced the kitchen floor. Dr. Quincey tells a little better than many others of a drowning friend reviving his whole experience at the seeming approach of death, with the intimation that under similar excitement this would be the experience of nearly all men, showing that even

the earliest past still lives. Many of our German immigrants lose their native tongue, but in the weakness of the last hour nothing is more common than its return, with other thronging recollections of childhood.

The famous William Tennent, of New Jersey, seemed, at his return to life after two days' death, not even to recognize the body his sister was reading. By and by his brother was repeating a passage from a Latin reader, when it burst like a lightning flash upon the strengthening consciousness of Tennet that these were old familiar terms, and all his forgetfulness soon disappeared.

Siebuer, the Oriental traveler, when old and blind, saw hardly anything, hour after hour, but the magnificent scenes of the East pictured on his memory. The cloudless blue of the eastern heaven, bending, so motherly over the vast deserts beneath, shone more vividly than when he had wandered in those scorching rays.

Abercrombie tells us of a four year's old, a boy, after being trepanned for a blow on his skull, lost all recollection of the injury. But, ten years after, delirious brought back every incident of his suffering, and he detailed it all from the beginning.

When Sir Walter Scott's memory seemed to have gone, he was yet able to recall the Wato's poems and the Scripture lessons of his infancy. These facts are full of suggestions, especially to clergy men.

CHARLES I. AND CHARLES II. AT WHITE STONE.

Much controversy has, however, been indulged in by historians of London as to the spot in the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, whence Charles stepped onto the scaffold. Some say that he passed through a window others that the brick-work was disturbed for the purpose. Herbert, the King's faithful attendant, who was with his master to the end, tells us "the King was led all along the galleries and Banqueting-house, and there was a passage broken through the wall by which he passed unto the scaffold." Mr. Jesse says: "It is perhaps sufficient to observe that at the renovation of the Banqueting-house a fact was made apparent which, I imagine, will be considered as settling the question at rest. Having curiously enough to visit the interior of the building, the walls of which were then laid bare, a space was pointed out to me between the upper and lower centre windows of about seven feet in height and four in breadth, the bricks of which presented a broken and jagged appearance, and the brick-work introduced was evidently of a different date from that of the rest of the building. There can be little doubt that it was through this passage that Charles walked to the fatal stage."

A curious history is attached to the weathercock we now see. It was erected by James II. directly he heard that William had embarked from Holland in order that he might see whether the wind blew from the east or west, from the quarter of the wind he would judge William's chances of reaching England, whether they were good or bad. A strange feature of the weathercock is that it bore a cross, the peculiar symbol of James's religion. The cross is no longer there.—The Corrahill Magazine.

Albert the beast-tamer one day found a terrible quarrel going on between his bears. Albert sprang into the cage, rushed between the furious brutes, whose muzzles were dripping blood. He took them by the nap of the neck, dragged them apart, and was heard to say: "To think of it! My poor bears. They would have killed one another, but luckily I was there."—The Saturday Review.

PERSONAL TO MEN ONLY!
THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH., will exhibit their Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbar, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scabs, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

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